OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em,
  And they're sort 'o pale and faded,
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
  Would be lonesomer, and shaded
    With a good 'eal blacker shadder
      Than the mornin' glories makes
    And the sunshine would look sadder
      For their good old-fashion' sake.

I like 'em, 'cause they kind 'o
  Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when I find a
  Bunch out whar the sun kin strike 'em,
    It allus sets me thinkin'
      O' the ones 'at used to grow
    And peek in through the chinkin'
      O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
  And how she used to love 'em
When they wuzn't any other
  'Less she found 'em up above 'em.
    And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
      Whispered with a smile, and said,
    We must pick a bunch and put 'em
      In her hand when she was dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin'
  They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin'
  But I wouldn't be without 'em,
    'Cause I'm happier in these posies
      And the hollyhawks and sich,
    Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
      In the roses of the rich.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PARDON'S GOOD LUCK.

How She Proposed For and Secured a Partner.

Philosophers say that there is no such thing as luck. Asa Darwin thought differently.

"My luck, exactly," said he, despairingly. "I might have known just how it would be."

He sat on the old stone porch, staring out toward the sunset, his chair tipped back on its two hind legs, his hands thrust aimlessly into his trousers pockets.

It was cold enough to justify the fire of beech logs that was blazing on the hearth in the room inside, where Pardon was tacking up the red moreen curtains that she had just sponged and mended neatly; but it is not an easy thing for Mr. Darwin to relinquish the habit of out-door lounging that had clung to him all the summer through.

"What is it, father?" said Pardon, coming briskly to the door with a tack hammer in one hand and a paper of tacks in the other.

"Jones has just gone by," said Mr. Darwin. "He says the old cow has got out on the railroad track again."

Pardon bit her red under lip.

"I told you she would, father," said she, "if you didn't have those bars repaired."

"And she's got run over," dolefully added Darwin. "I'm sure I don't know what we're doing to do without a cow. We've always put a lot of dependence on our milk. But I might have expected it. Luck has been sheer against me ever since John James died. A man with a house full of gals can't expect to make no headway in the world."

Pardon colored up.

"You didn't expect your girls to mend the bars, did you, father?" asked she, a little bitterly.

"I was calculatin' to speak to Tim Parsons about gettin' a new pair o' posts put up," sighed the farmer.

"Wouldn't it have been a safer way to put them up yourself, father?"

"I ain't as young as I used to be," said Darwin evasively. "And the rheumatics is twistin' me powerful these first cool days."

"Then," said Pardon, with a certain touch of daughterly authority in her voice, "you should come into the house and not sit there, getting chilled through, and then find fault with your luck!"

Mr. Darwin slowly rose and shuffled into the bright little keeping room, where Pardon had spread a neatly-braided rug before the fire, and placed a broken-spouted pitcher of yellow golden-rod on the table.

She looked after him with a sigh, half of impatience, half regret.

"I wish John James had lived," said Mr. Darwin, feebly.

"So do I," assented Pardon.

"Ain't supper most ready?" said the farmer, looking discontentedly around.

"It will be in a minute," said Pardon. "I had to split all the kindling myself for the kitchen fire and Fanny has run to Mrs. Merritt's for a little meal to make some hot corn bread."

At the same moment Fanny returned, —a slight overgrown girl of fourteen—breathless with the haste she has made.

"Mrs. Merritt is very sorry," said she, "but she hasn't any cornmeal in the house."

"That's enough," said Pardon, growing scarlet to the roots of her hair. "I don't blame her for getting tired of lending things to us!"

"But," added Fanny, "she sends a pail of graham flour to make gems. Indeed, she's as kind as she can be!"

Pardon laughed hysterically.

"I'm getting as hard and bitter as a sour persimmon," said she. "Yes, I'm very glad of the Graham flour. Father can't make out his supper without something hot for a relish. Perhaps some day we can return Mrs. Merritt's kindnesses. But oh, Fanny, have you heard? The red cow got out of the pasture this afternoon and is killed on the track."

Fanny burst into tears.

"Old Pinky!" she exclaimed. "Is there no end to our bad luck?"

Pardon stamped her pretty, ill-shod foot impatiently on the floor.

"Luck!" she repeated. "Don't use that dreadful word! I believe father would be a better and happier man to-day if it wasn't in the dictionary at all. There isn't any such thing as luck. It's all bad management, shiftlessness—the habit of putting every thing off until the last moment."

And then she cried, too, poor little over-burdened Pardon.

She was tall and slender, with large, glittering hazel eyes, red-brown hair and one of those delicate complexions where the sun lays its touch in the shape of here and there a cluster of freckles.

Fanny was dark, with Spanish eyes, fringed with long lashes, and hair as black and lustrous as jet. Whatever else fate had denied the Darwin girls, it had been generous to them in the matter of personal attributes.

They made their frugal supper of Graham gems, a very little butter, the weakest brewing of tea, and no milk at all, and then Pardon built up the fire, got her father the last week's newspaper, which good Mrs. Merritt had sent over with the Graham flour, and then sat down in the back kitchen with Fanny to slice up a few peaches for drying.

"For we have got to look after things very close this winter" she said. "Father seems to have no energy at all since John James died. I am afraid it will end in the farm being sold to clear off the mortgage."

Fanny opened her big, black eyes.

"But we must live somewhere, Pardon," she said.

"You and I can go out to service," said Pardon. "As for father, there is the poor-house."

Fanny uttered a wail of despair.

"No, no, dear; don't look so distressed," said the elder sister, repeating the rashness of her speech. "I don't really mean it, I'm cross, that is all. It's hard doing the work of hired man, servant girl and housekeeper all in one. I shall feel better to-morrow after I've had a night's sleep. I haven't got to get up early and milk poor old Pink any more."

And once again the sisters mingled their tears.

"If father had only mended those bars," said Fanny. "It was so unlucky—"

But Pardon put her hand over her sister's lips.

"Not that word Fanny," said she. "Remember it's forbidden."

The two girls were washing up the breakfast dishes the next day in the temporary absence of Mr. Darwin, who had strolled off toward the postoffice to see if the mail was in, when Squire Etting crossed the threshold.

"Father ain't to hum, eh?" said he. "Well, I reckon I can talk things over just as well with you, Pardon:"

"What things?" said Pardon, distrustfully.

"That there skatin' rink, down by the lake," said Mr. Etting, "that John James built. It's goin' to be a good hard winter if there's any truth in signs, and I've a notion to buy the concern, just as it stands, and run the rink myself. The land belonged to your mother's estate, and I s'pose you and the gal here have the right to sell it."

"Yes," said Pardon, her eyes fixed quietly on the squire's wooden visage. "What will you give for it?"

"Wal, it ain't wuth so dreadful much," said the squire, evasively. "Say a hundred dollars for the building and two acres o' land."

Pardon shook her head.

"I won't sell it for that," said she, decidedly.

"I dunno what you want to keep it for," said the squire, irritably. "Your father he ain't got the 'go' to run a skating rink."

"I know that," said Pardon, firmly, "but I don't intend to be swindled, all the same."

The squire stamped out of the room in a rage.

"Then drive a better bargain with somebody else, if you can," said he, viciously.

"Pardon, Pardon!" whispered Fanny, close to her elbow, "call him back! A hundred dollars is a great—great sum of money!"

"No," said Pardon, "I will not call him back. Let me think!"

"But what will father say?"

"Father need never know, Fanny. It is as Squire Etting says, the land is all that is left of our poor mother's property. It is ours to sell or to keep, as we please. The lumber alone for that poor building cost John James nearly one hundred dollars. The squire thinks he can safely cheat us, because we are only women. But he will find himself mistaken."

She put on her green gingham sunbonnet that afternoon and went over to the Merritt farm. Joel Merritt was just driving through the big gates with a load of wood.

"I'm so sorry," said Joel, courteously lifting his cap. "Mother has gone over to a quilting-bee at Mrs. Dikes'. Won't you step in and rest?"

Pardon took off her green sun-bonnet and fanned herself with it. Her cheeks were pink; her lovely hazel eyes sparkled.

"But it isn't your mother I came to see, Joel," said she. "I wanted to speak to you?"

Joel jumped off the load, threw the reins on old Sorrel's back, and came up to her, with a countenance of some surprise.

"Me?" he repeated, reddening a little.

For of all created beings he thought Pardon Darwin the most beautiful and winning.

"Yes," said Pardon, still deeply absorbed in her own plans and ideas. "How would you like, Joel, to go into partnership with me?"

"With you, Pardon?"

He caught his breath.

"Yes," frankly spoke the girl. "Of all our neighbors I think you are the most honest and reliable. I've known you ever since we were children together' and—"

"Say not another word, Pardon!" joyously cried the young man, taking both her hands in his, while his whole face grew radiant. "Oh, you don't know how proud, how happy you make me! For I've loved you this long time, Pardon, only I never dared to tell you so; and mother will be so glad to call you daughter. Give me a kiss, Pardon—my little shrinking love—just one kiss, so that I may be sure I'm not dreaming!"

But to his dismay Pardon struggled to free herself and began to cry impetuously.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" said she. "Let me go, Joel Merritt!"

"But, Pardon, you said yourself—"

"It was the skating-rink that poor John James built on Deer lake!" falterered Pardon, on the verge of new tears. "I—I wanted you to help me fit up and manage it this winter. I never dreamed of asking you to—to Oh, Joel, what must you have thought of me?"

"Then you didn't mean it after all?" said Joel, dropping his arms to his sides and standing with a blank face before her. "You don't care for me?"

Pardon stood silent a moment, twisting her apron strings, while the soft glow still burned on her cheeks.

A sudden light flashed into Joel's sunburned face.

"My own love!" he cried out, valiantly, "I'll take the skating-rink, but you've got to be thrown into the bargain, too! Say you'll consent, Pardon!"

And at all events Pardon did not refuse.

"Eh!" said Asa Darwin, when the facts of the case became patent to his rather dense understanding, "young Merrit going to finish up the rink before frost come! And engaged to our Pardon, too? Well, I declare, that is a piece of luck!"

And this time Pardon took no exceptions to the obnoxious word.—Saturday Night.

Resolved to Please.

The author of "The Five Talents of Woman" says that very often a husband is more difficult to manage than children, but the wife, who keeps her temper and perseveres in her efforts to please, will in the end conquer by kindness. He tells the following story to confirm his assertion: 'Zachariah was not naturally an ill-tempered man, but he treated his wife more like a slave than an equal. If his temper was ruffled abroad, she was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals he insisted were badly cooked, though the good woman did her best to please him.

One day Zachariah sent home a large fresh cod, with orders to cook it for dinner. The wife knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into chowder, her husband would scold when he came home. She therefore cooked portions of the fish in several different ways, that for once, if possible, he might be pleased with his dinner. She did more, she secured a frog, from the brook back of the house, and put it into a large dish.

At noon Zachariah came home, with his usual fault-finding look. "Well, wife," said he, "how did you cook the fish? I suppose you've spoiled it for my eating." When as he took off a cover, he continued: "I thought so. Why did you fry it? I'd as soon eat a fried frog! Why didn't you boil it?"

"I have boiled some also," said she, lifting a cover and showing the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled.

"Boiled fish! chips and porridge," growled Zachariah. "If you had not been so stupid you would have made a chowder."

With a smile, she placed before him a tureen of chowder. "My dear," said she, "I was determined to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" growled the surly man. "It's a wishy-washy mess. I'd rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

His wife had anticipated his favorite expression. She uncovered a large dish and showed a bull-frog, stretched out at full length.

Zachariah sprang from his chair.

"My dear," said his wife. "I hope now you will make an excellent dinner."

The humor of the whole scene overcame his sullenness; he burst into a hearty laugh and declared that never again should she have occasion to expose him as a croaker. He was as good as his word.—Ex.

Effects of Hasheesh.

A. M. Field has recently recounted his experience under the influence of hasheesh. He smoked the hasheesh until he felt a profound sense of well-being, and then put the pipe aside. After a few minutes he seemed to become two persons; he was conscious of his real self reclining on a lounge, and of why he was there; his double was in a vast building made of gold and marbles, splendidly brilliant and beautiful beyond all description. He felt an extreme gratification and believed himself in heaven. This double personality suddenly vanished, but reappeared in a few minutes. His real self was undergoing rhythmical spasms throughout his body; the double was a marvelous instrument, producing sounds of exquisite sweetness and perfect rhythm. Upon another occasion sleep and waking came so rapidly that they seemed to be confused. His double seemed to be a sea, bright and tossing as the wind blew; then a continent.

Again he smoked a double dose, and sat at his table, pencil in hand, to note its effects. This time he lost all conception of time. He rose to open a door; this seemed a million years. He went to pacify an angry dog, and endless ages seemed to have gone on his return. Conceptions of space retained their nominal character. He felt an unusual fullness of mental impressions—enough to fill volumes. He understood clairvoyance, hypnotism and all else. He was not one man or two, but several men living at the same time in different places, with different occupations. He could not write one word without hurrying to the next, his thoughts flowing with enormous rapidity. The few words he did write meant nothing. This experience admirably illustrates the close relationship between states of real sanity and transitory affections induced by psychic poisons.—Ex.

Hearing Lord Salisbury Speak.

Mr. W. H. Lucy, the well-known Rardical journalist and late editor of the London Daily News, says: "Lord Salisbury, when he speaks, has, in unbounded measure, that strong individuality which fascinates an assembly or a nation. He is always personally interesting. When Lord Salisbury presents himself at the table of the House of Lords there is nothing certain about him, except that he will say something in a very striking manner.

"He scorns oratical graces and rarely makes long speeches. Having something to say he says it in the fewest possible words, and resumes his seat with alacrity. When addressing the House he has a way of lounging over the table, and chatting in a conversational tone as if deprecating the idea that he is making a speech. Lord Salisbury does not make use of copious notes even when delivering his most important speeches."

In appearance he is tall and well built. His hair is dark, and almost of poetic length. Strongly marked eyebrows a pertinaceous-looking nose, a thick dark beard and moustache, make up a remarkable physiognomy. He wears a big hat with broad brim.

FROM CHURCH TO DANCE.

How Mexican Women Mingle Devotion with Worldly Pleasures.

The last strains of a dying hymn, chanted in a sort of jerky monotone, had scarcely ceased vibrating among the ponderous, rough-hewn, web-covered beams of the little adobe church, when the congregation, principally women, true to a habitual failing, began an animated conversation, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press from Grants, N. M. Whether their comments related to any particularly impressive point of the past service, or were devoted to conning over interesting bits of domestic affairs is not known, but it surprises the stranger, while waiting a few moments at the entrance of the church watching the people, to receive pressing invitations to attend a "baile" or Mexican dance.

A baile is, of course, a most harmless recreation, but to fly to the opposite extreme, with the lights in the church yet burning and the priests still shrouded in sacramental robes, impressed one as being just a trifle sacrilegious.

Women so lately sitting with uncovered heads in silent devotion now tripped lightly through the gloomy streets, moving in and out between the darkened structures, chatting and laughing each with the other, apparently in the very transports of merriment.

Reaching a long low-roofed building, where a small, dingy window emitted a flickering, uncertain light, and shrill strains of music floated out into the night through an open door, the casual visitor allowed himself to be hustled rather unceremoniously into the very midst of a Mexican dance.

The dancing apartment consisted of one long, narrow hall, along either side of which, for the accommodation of ladies, several rough, wooden benches were strung out, each set closely against the wall. Upon these sat women of all ages, in all imaginable toilettes, with hands crossed demurely in front of them, but intent upon watching the movements of those upon the floor.

A number of tallow candles stuck into wide wooden crosses and suspended at various places from the ceiling imparted a dim and almost religious light, that cast a weird, peculiar glow upon the dusky occupants of the room. Upon the wall, which had received a fresh adornment of whitewash for the occasion, arranged in an odd, fantastic fashion, were groups of vari-hued muslins and calicoes made up with complicated loops, bows and circles and neatly pinned together by means of green cedar boughs.

These simple green leaves and bright-colored muslins combined in making a noticeably pleasing effect, and greatly relieved the dull, dead white of the walls.

To assist the passage of sound two soulful musicians were accorded a seat high above the crowd upon a mammoth dry-goods box, where they played on a violin and guitar. However, the dancers were favored with additional sounds, very hollow, however, that issued from the depths of the resonant dry-goods box, and occasionally by four well-soled boots keeping up a continual tattoo.

Women of all ages and girls not yet in there teens eagerly await a request to be led out upon the floor, yet upon the face of those neglected and who wait, unasked, for hours upon the hard wooden benches, I have never noticed an expression that would denote envy.

The old crone of fifty accepts an invitation as promptly as the blushing young damsel of sixteen. She perhaps does not feel the same thrill of pleasure of her younger sister, but she certainly brightens up on "dance nights," and goes through the regulation moves to the best of her ability, which, considering her advanced years, is very considerable. The principal charm, if any there be in Mexican dances, is their simplicity. Each dancer, from reason of being taught from early childhood, has all the required steps down to a science, which obviates the necessity of any "calling off" or "prompting."

Such simplicity, however, does not prevail throughout the entire performance, as other very undesirable and highly congruous features strike one as being extremely vulgar, if not wholly barbarous. For instance, a male gallant during intervals between sets amused himself, if no one else, by stalking up and down the floor, leering his body to and fro with an air of bravado and by pounding his feet vigorously upon the boards made a harsh, discordant noise with the clashing of two monster spurs, one of which he wore buckled to either boot.

Another young man, tall and exceptionally fierce-looking, swung a pretty young girl through the delights of a waltz, while the polished end of a huge six-shooter at each turn gleamed bright and formidable from beneath his coat.

At the completion of each set, the gentleman conducts the lady to an adjoining room where refreshments are served. The refreshment stand, over which an elderly woman in a white apron presided, is worthy of note. The upper surface of the stand upon which the delicacies were served measured about four feet square; directly in the center stood a dozen or more large black bottles, some full, others partially filled with liquor, Around the bottles, arranged in a circle, were a number of saucers.

The men for the most part took liquor, but the women regaled themselves each time with the contents of a single saucer, and the price for the combination of liquors, fruit and confections amounted to the modest sum of twenty-five cents. As the hours waned, the more careful parents took their children home. Others left in small numbers; the candles one by one fluttered out gradually, darkening the room, and finally the revelers were followed into the darkness by the two very much-fatigued musicians.

Whittier and Holmes.

Mr. Whittier, who was visiting friends in Boston last week, wears his old age easily, and of late years seems less averse to mixing in general society than he formerly was. I suppose, says a writer in the Boston Post, that his summer solitude among the mountains and the quiet life which he leads at Oak Knoll, his home in Danvers, make the change to the city welcome by way of variety. Though not fond of society in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, he has large social likings and takes a deep interest in social progress. In large companies he does not appear at his best, because he is not accustomed to the conventions of society and has not the faculty of passing lightly from one topic to another after the manner of our brilliant conversational butterflies. He is more or less absorbed in the serious thoughts to which he gives utterance in his poems, and his finest fancies cannot take fleeting form which would adapt them for the requirements of the drawing-room. In these respects he is unlike the great Scotch poet, whom he resembles in his love of nature and attachment to the humblest object. I have often thought that it would have been well for Burns had he possessed the reserved strength of character which belongs to Whittier, which would have saved him from yielding to the temptations which luxurious Edinburgh society offered to his susceptible nature.

For a man of his age Mr. Whittier enjoys good health, and with him scrupulous attention to hygienic laws has been the means of his attaining an exceptional longevity for a poet. He will be eighty-one years old this month, being nearly two years older than Dr. Holmes. It does not seem to me that Mr. Whittier has shown of late years the cumulative evidence of old age which might be expected; he has held his own, so to speak, with remarkable tenacity, and the same may be said of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who barring a slight deafness, is as well preserved as most men ten years his junior. I have sometimes thought that deafness was not an altogether undesirable acquisition for a man like Dr. Holmes, who is pestered with all sorts of talk, and as he is not reduced to the necessity of using an ear-trumpet, he can more easily "turn a deaf ear" to unwelcome visitors. It is not what people say to such a man, but what he says to them, which measures the extent of his usefulness, and as long as his tongue and pen flash forth wise thoughts and brilliant fancies the fact that he cannot hear so easily as formerly the voice of admiration and compliment is not so serious a drawback as it appears at first sight. At this time of life the mind naturally dwells more upon inward than outward satisfactions, and with this wealth of pleasant memories he can never be at a loss for contemplative enjoyment.

As between Whittier and Holmes it is noticeable that the former has not colored his later poetry with the pensive tinge which marks the more recent verse of his brilliant contemporary. Through the fire which glowed in the passionate appeals for the slaves is not seen in the placid poems for which the author of "Snow Bound" smooths his declining years, there are no indications of old age in their tone. I take it that the life of nature which Whittier has lived has left him untouched by the pleasing melancholy which is apt to color the poetry of men who, like Holmes, have been impressed by the changes of artificial society.

Baby and Dog in Wilderness.

A private letter from Fort Supply, in the Indian Territory, relates a pathetic story of the wandering in the wilderness of a mere baby, with only a little dog for its faithful guide and companion. Some twelve miles from the fort there lives on a ranch a woman who supplies the post with dairy products. She had three small children. The second of these, a wee, brown-eyed, fair-haired baby of two years, had a little dog who was her inseparable companion. One day neither could be found. The anxious mother locked up her two other children, and getting a cowboy to accompany her, started forth on horseback to search for the infant wanderer. All day long she scoured the country, finding no trace. A searching party from the post met with no better success.

Mrs. Gilman, the wife of one of the officers was, however, so strongly impressed with a conviction that the child had not perished that, in response to her entreaties, another party was organized and again set forth to continue the quest. This time there were one hundred and fifty men riding in all directions. On the fifth day of the search a detachment espied the little dog crawling out from under a cliff above a tiny stream. They went to it, and there, lying on the ground, found the poor baby. Its little bruised and swolen feet had wandered full fifteen miles from home. It was still alive, but died before reaching home. The poor, faithful dog had clung to his playfellow all the time and had led her to the water. Tracing back the trail over which these small travelers had wandered it appeared that they had gone where no foot of man could tread. In some places they must have fallen over ledges and fallen down declivities, and they had crawled along precipices where the steadiest head might have grown dizzy.—New York World.

Any Concessions for Decent Bread.

"Now that we are married, George," she said, "I hope you will change your mind and let mother come and live with us."

"No, I won't he replied, "and that's enough."

"But she has no home now since I left her."

"I can't help that."

"Oh, what can I do to change your hard heart?"

"Nothing."

But if ma comes she will bake the bread."

"Well, then for gracious sake, let her come at once."—Harper's Bazar.

Representative Martin Defends His Breath.

Representative Martin, of Texas, recently walloped a reporter because the latter said that he blew out the gas in his room. He should have gloried in the assertion. It isn't every politician who dares to monkey with the gas with his breath.—Exchange.